GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETIN

Prepared Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

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for

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Bureau of Education

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GOING TO BED IN A CUP

These curious cup-like structures, made of sun-baked mud, are seen in Egyptian villages. Families sleep in them at night during the great heat of the summer to escape the snakes and scorpions which abound.

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Cairo: Ancient Capital Attains New Political Importance

EGYPT'S capital attains new political importance as the administration seat of the more liberal home rule granted the ancient empire by Great Britain.

Cairo, "Queen of the Nile Valley," the "Paris of the Levant," or "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Delta," as your imagination prefers, has about the population of Boston, a record of disorders that makes Bolshevism a nouveau-anarchy, and a picturesqueness all its own.

From the citadel ramparts the visitor receives the best introduction to Cairo, that unforgettable view—the ancient city at his feet, a vast panorama of houses and palaces and hovels, flecked with cupolas, minarets and towers; the island-dotted river, and the verdant Nile Valley ever widening toward the north; yellow cliffs to the east, and beyond them the desert. The sea of sand suggests illimitable space until the faint outlines of the Pyramids against the horizon turn one's thoughts from space to time.

"City of Arabian Nights" Is Bedlam by Day

Descend to the streets of Cairo and encounter bedlam. "City of the Arabian Nights," perhaps, but certainly the days loose a thousand and one noises. There are the rattle of carts, cries of the water-bearers, moaning of camels, braying of donkeys, whirring of taxicabs, jangling of coins in the open bazaars, continual shouts from pilots of this traffic medley, such as "Thy foot, sir," or "To thy left, oh chief," all in the native tongue, of course.

Gorgeous colors of every hue and shade assail the eye—a post-impressionistic fanfare of pre-historic color schemes. The poorer the Egyptian the more ragged; the more rags the more colors. Then again the Arabs denote their families and dynasties by turbans of distinctive colors. To tell a prophet's scion from a priest of today, or one dervish order from another, or any of the countless dynasties and sects apart, requires a study of turban lore as complicated as the numerous insignia worn by American soldiers returning from France.

One thing is certain. If a turban trails the ground it means that the wearer has followed the orthodox custom of having it seven "heads" long, so that it may serve to shroud him when he dies and keep him mindful of that certain end while he lives.

Earrings, Anklets and "Mother Hubbards"

The richer women, attended by servants, may be seen in carriages, faces veiled to their eyes, eyelashes and lids, fingers and exposed toes darkened with henna, and bedecked with earrings, anklets, beads and bracelets. Poorer women go afoot, also veiled, garbed in plain robes highly suggestive of "Mother Hubbards."

In the street crowds, too, are the beggars whose baboons serve the purpose of the monkeys of our organ grinders, snake charmers, venders of the ubiquitous scarabs and tiny graven images, and the Berberine bead boys.

Sometimes the streets are so narrow that the latticed upper balconies of the houses almost touch, and their flat terrace roofs form a surface under which the

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THE SEPULCHER OF CONFUCIUS (See Bulletin No. 5)

This shrine is surrounded by old trees. The large black trunk to the left belongs to an old male specimen of Pistachia chinensis which is several centuries old. The stems in front are Juniperus chinensis. This whole group exhales a spirit of the gray, hoary past, from which influence one cannot escape.

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St. Paul's: A Church With a Story

SINCE post-war building needs already have robbed London of many historic churches and threaten the existence of others, those that remain will be enhanced in historic value. One of them which will stand, barring some natural calamity, is St. Paul's Cathedral. This famous church, like the English Constitution, represents a growth of centuries, rather than a definite period of construction. Indeed a request for funds "to complete St. Paul's" was made during the war. And England's esteem for the historic edifice was shown by the continuation of the restoration work throughout the war despite the interruption to practically all other building.

Still fresh in public memory is the notable Service of Consecration, attended by royalty and distinguished Americans then in London, held in St. Paul's, April 20, 1917, to commemorate the entry of the United States into the war.

Largest Protestant Church in the World

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world. Its dome is one of the most beautiful. The church embodies architectural ideas of many periods, because it is not the product of a generation, or even a century. True, Sir Christopher Wren is credited with the structure as it stands today, but he embodied many features of the famous "Old St. Paul's," razed in the great London fire of 1666. Wren did not wish the restoration to be after the "Gothick Rudeness of the old Design." But he was compelled to modify his own plans to a considerable extent. Said he, of the balustrade added over his veto, "Ladies think nothing well without an edging."

To this famous mathematician, astronomer, and architect the London fire blew much good. He had commissions to draw plans for rebuilding half a hundred churches. From these were modelled many of the American churches of Colonial days. For his masterpiece, St. Paul's, Sir Christopher is said to have received less than the equivalent of $1,000 a year, an amount which might engage the attention of a modern architect of his standing for an afternoon's consultation. The building was paid for by a tax on sea-borne coal to London.

Travelers are apt to pass by an inscription on the south porch pediment, "Resurgam" (I shall rise again), as a religious reference to the Resurrection. When the architect was surveying the ruins he wished to mark the center of the projected dome. He asked a workman to hand him a stone. The workman chanced to pick up a chip from an old tomb bearing the inscription, which Sir Christopher adopted.

Site Believed Once Shrine of Diana

The motto was appropriate. Some historians believe the cramped Ludgate Hill site originally was that of a Roman shrine of Diana. A Christian church is known to have been built there in the early seventh century. It

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thoroughfares seem but tunnels. To avert the dread evil eye a Koran text is inscribed on the doors of the orthodox; likewise teeth are wedged into joints to ward off the toothache.

Erected a Tomb for Each Fragment of Husband's Body

At the dawn of history a city is known to have existed near the site of modern Cairo called Khere-ohe, place of combat, because Horus and Seth, of mythological fame, fought there. Seth found the body of his brother Osiris, cut it into fourteen parts, and scattered the pieces; whereupon Isis, wife of Osiris, hunted the fragments so that she might erect a monument for each. That is why so many tombs of Osiris are encountered in Egyptian history.

Not until a century before the Norman conquest, a modern period of Egyptian history, was the present Cairo founded by Gohar, leader of the troops of the Fatimite Caliph Mu'izz, following the Egyptian conquest.

In the year that Columbus discovered America a plague swept Cairo which is said to have killed 12,000 citizens in a day. It was a century before that when Cairo may be said to have attained its zenith. After the plague a period of violence set in, and sultans were enthroned and assassinated with dizzying speed and informality. As early as the thirteenth century Christian persecutions took place. Since then the city has been Islam. Only eight years ago an excuse of the Grand Mufti for declining to approve execution of a murderer was that the crime was committed with a revolver, a weapon not mentioned in the Koran.

Napoleon's headquarters were at Cairo in 1798, following the "Battle of the Pyramids." The commander left behind by Bonaparte was murdered. In 1811 the French finally were dislodged and Cairo's independence was reëstablished.

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COUNTRY WOMEN TRAMPING INTO KIEV, RUSSIA, WITH THE MORNING SUPPLY OF MILK (See Bulletin No. 3)

An enormous weight is carried uncomplainingly with the help of the pole over the shoulders to which the milk-jars are attached. These women do the heaviest part of the farm work, milking at daybreak or earlier, and often walking five or six miles to deliver their wares.

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Kiev: The Mart and the Shrine of Russia

KIEV, which became a battle center once more during the Pole-Bolshevik fighting, already had changed hands ten times in three years with its occupation by the Poles earlier this year.

Mother of Russian cities, also the Jerusalem of Russia, Kiev did not live in the past, even before its recent kaleidoscopic adventures, though it was sufficiently significant a thousand years ago to give its name to a three-century period of Russian history.

Both the Wall Street and the Plymouth Rock of Russia, each February found thousands of merchants crowding its fair to contract for merchandise and produce, especially beet sugar, and other seasons found hundreds of thousands of pilgrims thronging its unique shrine, the Convent of the Caves.

City Located on the Ohio River of Russia

Few cities offer such an agglomeration of the old and the new. Kiev lies upon the muddy Dnieper, the Ohio River of Russia, formerly carrier of some $60,000,000 worth of freight annually for the 14,000,000 people within its basin. Near its site Prince Vladimir herded his people, for wholesale baptism, after he had forsaken his pagan gods and a thousand wives for Christianity.

Vladimir's was a strange conversion. He sent emissaries to study religions of the civilized world of his day (the tenth century). The Greek ceremonials at Byzantium captured his imagination. Some historians say his desire to marry the daughter of the Roman Emperor influenced his choice.

Russians embraced the new religion with all the fervor with which they had offered human sacrifices to the abandoned idol, Perun. While Vladimir held political sway at Kiev there came a lowly monk, Anthony, who took up his abode in a cave. Other devout men followed his example. Archeologists since have recognized in these caves the homes of cave-dwellers of the stone age.

Spent Thirty Years With Body Buried Up to Armpits

These holy hermits walled up the exits of their self-appointed cells and many never again came forth to daylight. They fasted and prayed, and ate the food placed in niches every second day. When the food was not removed their fellow monks knew the recluse to be dead, and walled in his home to be his tomb. It is the tombs of these saintly troglodytes that formed the major attraction for the mighty human stream of pilgrims that flowed through Kiev until the war storm broke. One hermit-monk, John, is said to have spent the last thirty years of his life with his body buried in earth up to his armpits.

The caves constitute but one feature of the famous monastery which, with its streets of churches, cells, inns and schools, is a small city in itself. Among

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was burned two decades after William the Conqueror came to England. From the ruins emerged "Old St. Paul's." Fire destroyed that building too, but it was restored on an even more pretentious scale.

At the "Old St. Paul's" John Wycliffe faced the charge of heresy, Tyndale's New Testament was burned, Wolsey heard the reading of the Papal condemnation of Luther, and under "Powle's Cross," now marked by a memorial, heretics were forced to recant and witches to confess.

Even before the great fire "Old St. Paul's" was crumbling, partly from a succession of lightning strokes, and partly from neglect. Wine cellars and workshops were to be found beneath its lengthy corridors. The old building was nearly as long as the Union Station at Washington, D. C. The nave became "Paul's Walk," a promenade.

"Great Paul" Is 17-Ton Bell

Two towers, as well as the dome, make the new St. Paul's conspicuous. In one tower "Great Paul," a 17-ton bell, booms out daily at 1 p. m. A smaller bell tolls when there is a death in the royal family.

Tombs of Wellington and Nelson, Turner and Reynolds, and of other famous men are to be found in St. Paul's. Over Wren's grave is a plain tablet bearing a Latin inscription counseling the visitor to look about him if he would find the architect's monument.

Sir Christopher should have become renowned as a city planner as well as a church builder. After the fire he prepared a plan that would have made London a city of wide streets and radiating avenues. But Londoners had become reluctant to relinquish property in family tenure for years, unlike citizens of such newer cities as Baltimore and Chicago. St. Paul's itself has owned a farm in Essex since the seventh century.

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Earthquake Played Ping-Pong With Man-of-War

EARTHQUAKES play queer pranks.

Recent seismic disturbances in Italy have attracted renewed attention to this phenomenon, and recall an amazing incident in the annals of the American navy in which a United States man-of-war was carried on the crest of a tidal wave three miles up the coast, two miles inland, and set down, entirely unharmed, within a hundred feet of the Andes.

This thrilling incident is recounted in a communication to The National Geographic Society by one of the participants, Rear Admiral L. G. Billings, U. S. N., retired, as follows:

"In 1868 I was attached to the U. S. S. *Wateree*, then on duty in the South Pacific—one of a class of boats built at the close of our Civil War to ascend the narrow, tortuous rivers of the South; she was termed a 'double-ender,' having a rudder at each end, and was quite flat-bottomed—a conformation which, while it did not add to her seaworthiness, enabled her to carry a large battery and crew, and eventually saved our lives, in the catastrophe which was soon to come upon us.

Anchored Off Pretty Peruvian Town

"August, 1868, found us quietly at anchor off the pretty Peruvian town of Arica, whither we had towed the old United States store-ship *Fredonia* to escape the ravages of yellow fever, then desolating Callao and Lima.

"There lurked the ever-present fear in the native mind of another earthquake, for Arica seemed a sort of 'head center' for such seismic disturbances, having been twice before destroyed, with great loss of life.

"While the anchorage at Arica was an open roadstead of almost unlimited extent it was partly protected from the prevailing winds by Alacran Island, small and apparently a lump of rock broken off from the Morro by some prior convulsion. All the merchantmen were clustered rather closely under the lee of this island, near the Morro, maybe a quarter of a mile from the usual man-of-war anchorage, and about the same distance from the shore. The men-of-war anchored more abreast of the town and possibly half a mile distant.

"It was August 8 that the awful calamity came upon us, like a storm from a cloudless sky, overwhelming us all in one common ruin.

How First Shock of an Earthquake Feels

"I was sitting in the cabin with our commanding officer, about 4 p. m., when we were startled by a violent trembling of the ship, similar to the effect produced by letting go the anchor. Knowing it could not be that, we ran on deck. Looking shoreward, our attention was instantly arrested by a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching from the southeast, while a terrible rumbling grew in intensity, and before our astonished eyes the hills seemed to nod, and the ground swayed like the short, choppy waves of a troubled sea.

"The cloud enveloped Arica. Instantly through its impenetrable veil arose cries for help, the crash of falling houses, and the thousand commingled noises of a great calamity, while the ship was shaken as if grasped by a giant hand; then the cloud passed on.

"As the dust slowly settled we rubbed our eyes and looked again and again, believing they must be playing us a trick; for where but a few short moments before was a happy, prosperous city, busy with life and activity, we beheld but a mass of shattered ruins, hardly a house left standing; not one perfect, the streets blocked with débris through which struggled frantically the least wounded of the unhappy wretches imprisoned in the ruins of their once happy homes; while groans, cries, and shrieks for help rent the air.

"Our prudent commander, however, gave the necessary orders to prepare for the worst. Additional anchors were let go, hatches battened down, guns secured, life lines hove fore and aft, and for a few moments all was the orderly confusion of a well-disciplined man-of-war preparing for action. Many hands made short work, and in a few moments we were prepared for any emergency.

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the mummies that formerly lay in open coffins, enveloped in costly robes, was that of Nestor, the Russian Herodotus, whose chronicles are responsible for the tradition that Kiev was founded by three brothers in the ninth century.

More Than Doubled Size in 22 Years

From the "Cave Town" quarter of the city one emerges suddenly into the Podol, or trading quarter, suggesting a New England factory city, with its mills and shops, for paper, machinery, tobacco, chemicals, and hardware. Kiev not only was the chief seat of the Russian beet-sugar trade, but also dealt heavily in timber, live stock, and grain. Its recent growth has been rapid. In 1889 it had less than 200,000 people, and in 1911 more than 500,000.

Oldest of the better known cities of Russia, Kiev gave Russia her first Christian church, first library, first Christian school, and today it boasts the oldest cathedral of the former empire, that of St. Sophia. Therein is the so-called "Virgin of the Unbreakable Wall," because the figure resisted the vandal frenzy of the Tatars when they smashed other priceless treasures of the church.

Kiev is the seat of government of the new republic of Ukraine. It is 624 miles southwest of Moscow, and 270 miles north of Odessa.

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China's Holy Places

CHINA'S shrines, including those in the much-discussed Shantung, are described in the following communication to The National Geographic Society by Frederick McCormick:

"Coleridge could not have selected a phrase more apt than 'stately pleasure dome' had he intended to call attention to the best-known form in Chinese architecture. Like so much of the wrought beauty of China, such as is still seen in parks and gardens, pagodas are the work of the Buddhist church almost exclusively.

"The most beautiful specimens are in the Yangtze Valley, where pagodas are most numerous. Every important Chinese and Manchurian city is garlanded with them. From the walls of Peking a dozen pagodas and towers may be counted within the city, and with a good glass half a dozen famous ones may be seen rising from the surrounding plain.

"Pagodas range in height from 20 to more than 200 feet, and are of various shapes—round, square, hexagonal, octagonal, etc. They always have an odd number of stories, ranging usually from seven to nine, and sometimes possessing eleven and even thirteen.

Have Adapted Pagoda to Divination

"The Chinese have appropriated the pagoda as a counterpoise to evil and used it, subject to their rules of geomancy.

"At the city of Tung, in the Peking plain, a region in past years visited by earthquakes, there is a prominent pagoda which at one time had more than 1,000 bronze bells suspended from its cornices, most of which are still in place. The people have this story as to its construction: A water owl lives underground at this place and when he shakes his tail it causes earthquakes. Geomancers located the end of his tail, and the pagoda was built on it to hold it down. At the same time this did not prevent the water owl from winking his eyes; but, as his eyelids have not been accurately located, a second pagoda has not yet been built. As a result, tremblings of the earth still occur.

"The wonder inspired in the breast of the traveler who visits China's vast remains of abandoned capitals, extensive temples ranged in successive courts and on terraces of the mountains, its pagodas, gateways, bridges, and canals, is equaled by the awe inspired by the silence and splendor of the tombs of China's emperors. The tombs of the kings of the 'Six Kingdoms' in Shantung, though now only earthen pyramids terraced with little fields, have the air of the Pyramids of Egypt.

Two-Mile Avenue of Stone Animals

"The Ming tombs, near Peking, are the most famed in our day, perhaps, because they are relatively in a good state of preservation and are accessible

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Waters Recede, Revealing the Floor of the Sea

"But our troubles then commenced. We were startled by a terrible noise on shore, as of a tremendous roar of musketry, lasting several minutes. Again the trembling earth waved to and fro, and this time the sea receded until the shipping was left stranded, while as far to seaward as our vision could reach, we saw the rocky bottom of the sea, never before exposed to human gaze, with struggling fish and monsters of the deep left high and dry. The round-bottomed ships keeled over on their beam ends, while the *Waterce* rested easily on her floor-like bottom; and when the returning sea, not like a wave, but rather an enormous tide, came sweeping back, rolling our unfortunate companion ships over and over, leaving some bottom up and others masses of wreckage, the *Waterce* rose easily over the tossing waters, unharmed.

"From this moment the sea seemed to defy the laws of nature. Currents ran in contrary directions, and we were borne here and there with a speed we could not have equaled had we been steaming for our lives. At irregular intervals the earthquake shocks recurred, but none of them so violent or long-continued as the first.

"The Peruvian man-of-war *America,* said to be the fastest ship in the world at that time, had hastily gotten up steam and attempted to get to sea. She was well out when the receding water left her partly afloat and broke her back, of course destroying her engines. With her funnels still vomiting black smoke and apparently under full command of her people, she backed down toward the helpless *Fredonia,* which was then rapidly setting in toward the Morro, as if intending to help her.

Big Ship Crushed Like an Egg Shell

"Lieutenant Commander Dyer, commanding the *Fredonia,* saw the maneuver, and, thinking the *America* was coming to their aid, and that a nearer approach would only involve them both in destruction, ran on the poop and hailed the approaching ship, then but a few yards distant: '*America,* ahoy! You can do nothing for us; our bottom is crushed. Save yourselves. Good-bye!' Then down to his station among his silent, unshrinking crew he ran again. The next moment the *Fredonia* was crushed, and of that ill-fated company not one was saved, while a counter-current catching the Peruvian ship drove her rapidly in another direction.

"About 8:30 p. m. the lookout hailed the deck and reported a breaker approaching. Looking seaward, we saw, first, a thin line of phosphorescent light, which loomed higher and higher until it seemed to touch the sky; its crest, crowned with the death light of phosphorescent glow, showing the sullen masses of water below. Heralded by the thundering roar of a thousand breakers combined, the dreaded tidal wave was upon us at last. Of all the horrors of this dreadful time, this seemed the worst. Chained to the spot, helpless to escape, with all the preparations made which human skill could suggest, we could but watch the monster wave approach without the sustaining help of action. That the ship could ride through the masses of water about to overwhelm us seemed impossible. We could only grip the life-line and wait the coming catastrophe.

Became an Unwilling Submarine

"With a crash our gallant ship was overwhelmed and buried deep beneath a semi-solid mass of sand and water. For a breathless eternity we were submerged; then, groaning in every timber, the staunch old *Waterce* struggled again to the surface, with her gasping crew still clinging to the life-lines—some few seriously wounded, bruised, and battered; none killed; not one even missing. A miracle it seemed to us then, and as I look back through the years it seems doubly miraculous now.

"The morning sun broke on a scene of desolation seldom witnessed. We found ourselves high and dry in a little cove, or rather indentation, in the coast-line. We had been carried some three miles up the coast and nearly two miles inland. The wave had carried us over the sand dunes bordering the ocean, across a valley, and over the railroad track, leaving us at the foot of the seacoast range of the Andes. On the nearly perpendicular front of the mountain our navigator discovered the marks of the tidal wave, and, by measurements, found it to have been 47 feet high, not including the comb. Had the wave carried us 200 feet further, we would inevitably have been dashed to pieces against the mountain-side."

to travelers. They are approached through the five-arched stone p'ai-lou (or decorative gateways) and by an avenue of stone animals nearly two miles in length. The sacred buildings are placed on the southern slope of the mountains and nearly inclosed by their encircling spurs.

"The place has an inspiration for all travelers. In front of the tomb of Yung Lo there is a sacrificial hall that is one of the largest buildings in China, and is perhaps only exceeded in dimensions by the T'ai Miao, or ancestral temple of the Manchus, attached to the Forbidden City, Peking.

"In the matter of tomb-building, the Emperor of the 'Three Kingdoms,' 220-265 A. D., greatly exceeded the Mings. He ordered his son to build for him 72 tombs, so that his enemies would not know which contained his tablet. The achievement may be noted of another ancient emperor who constructed his tomb and then built, peopled, and garrisoned a city near by for its protection. Perhaps the Chinese, who have performed the greatest of engineering feats, have surpassed the Egyptians, Persians, and Greeks in this direction also.

Famous Tomb of Confucius in Shantung

"Older than these, and what may be called the one shrine in all China green with the devotion of the people, is the tomb of Confucius in Shantung. Here worship continues through the ages, under the patronage of all dynasties, since the fifth century A. D., when the Emperor Kao Ti set the example of imperial sacrifice there.

"As time went on the different dynasties neglected the tombs of their predecessors, so that now the tombs of the Manchus are the best specimens of mausolea in China.

"The Manchus followed the Chinese custom and law in respect to their ancestors. Solemn juniper forests enclose their sepulchers, which are approached through magnificent gateways and are preceded by stately buildings. There are no less than five imperial Manchu burial places. The original is at Hsin-King, eastern Manchuria, and is called the Yung Ling. Two are at Mukden and two in the region of Peking."

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THE GROVE SURROUNDING THE CONFUCIUS TOMB IN KUFU

The buildings of the temple at the birthplace of the wisest of China's wise men stand in a park of splendid cypress trees.

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